

ACTION

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ADULTS ONLY



SEX

and the sorority girls

A MAJORITY OF CO-EDS "LIVING IN SIN"
ON OUR CAMPUSES ARE LACKING IN STYLE



There was a time, enduring for the better part of this century, when college campuses were carried with a consciousness of honored fraternity (and sorority) rows, high academic achievement, red hot scandal and flouncing youth. From the early romances of Ossie Johnson, George Ade, Booth Tarkington and other popular novelists, who dealt with the traditionally lascivious themes of youth, until F. Scott Fitzgerald inaugurated the look-seeing jazz age in *The Great Gatsby*, there was a great deal of color as well as desire under the campus elms.

After Fitzgerald, both color and desire grew more frenetic, especially during the twenties. Feasted on close harmony on the college steps of a *Sorority* evening in May or June, the American public got the idea of a delectably sizzling Colleen Moore in *The Plumed Age*, of a short-skirted Charleston-dancing Jean Crawford in *Our Dancing Daughters* of 1933, and mesmerizing Jane Fonda in the screen version of *Too Many Girls*.

There was also lyricist and actor Johnny Mercer (*Music in the Night*, *Dans of Wine and Roses*, et al.), long ago a college-bound upper brat in a long-gone era. Hollywood musical and swashbuckling one of his own early compositions that instructed, "...you gotta have a college education to learn how to fall in love."

Ah, yes — those were the days! Traditionally and in fact, undergraduate sex was pretty much the property as it had always been, of the privileged. No, not merely the sons and daughters of wealthy parents, but youths and maidens endowed above the ordinary with good looks, charm, daring, decisiveness and sufficient brilliance to get passing marks while enjoying the dull idles after classroom hours ended for the day.





The providers, of something used only at the rock, were sufficiently hasty to make sexual infections on campus, a dangerous infection that required far more coverage than it did in the current undergraduate scene.

If some jealous folk reported the fact of the act, or a pair of lovers was unlucky enough or oblivious enough to get caught in the act, a variety of collisions and penalties







simply located them out . . . or at best suspended the unfortunate pair for the balance of the college year.

Marriage was justification for the undergraduate of most of our institutions of higher learning on penalty of instant and automatic dismissal. The F.F.I. had yet to be invented, and pregnancy on the part of a co-ed was unmitigated disaster.

I took plenty of guff to fall in love and do something about it for the unwary student of yesterday.

As such on-campus sex played a minor role for the great plurality of students, most of whom (lucked the room, the opportunity, the nerve or the chance to make it with anyone worth making it with . . . to say nothing of sufficient intelligence to

keep their marks above water while engaged in major emotional turmoil.

That was the way it was in dad's day . . . or in any rate in granddad's day. Unless he was something special, he had to go along with the good right hand (or left if he happened to be a southpaw) or natural orientation. (See for him (and for his female opposite number),





was strictly a vacation product.

Well, there have been drastic changes in student and faculty attitudes toward undergraduate life in the past of both youth and maiden of recent years and, alas, of the quantity has richly increased, the quality has suffered.

The great forerunner, of course, was the GI Bill of Rights, fostered by a grateful Congress in the conclusion of World War Two.

Then the American campus scene was unutterably altered by an invasion of hundreds of thousands of degree-thirsty veterans, desper-

ately anxious to make up for the educational years they had missed while in their country's service, or grasping at opportunity for a higher education they could not have hoped for under previous conditions.

Most of these veterans were well



in their twenties, some even older. Scores of thousands of them were already married and a large percentage are at their spouses' were already blessed with offspring. By law, the colleges could not refuse them admission because of marriage, so they swerved in and settled down, mostly in jury-built "veterans' res-

dence projects," where a large percentage of the residents promptly proceeded to marry that situation.

As if all this were not enough to ensure the long-maintained university policies of sexual separation for undergraduates, the arrival of the veterans coincided with the first stirrings of that increased perver-

sionism that has come to be called the "great American sexual revolution."

Unfortunately, of course, the veterans graduated and went their thousands of ways, complete with spouses, offspring, nuclear rings and diapers — but the Walls of Jericho they dismantled have remained all effaced in reclusion.



















Let us take a single university as a sample—Princeton, one of the oldest, most influential and famous of all—and examine the changes that have occurred there in the matter of undergraduate sex. Before the War, no possibly normal Princeton undergraduate could not have a female in his room after the hour of six P.M. The only ex-



Red-hot scandal and flaming youth are the themes of the playboy film *Play It Hot*, in which Colleen Moore "flings" deliciously in the *Flame of the Forest*. *Life*







There reporter that they were living in what used to be called an off-campus apartment, in rooms for which students the Bernardi family rarely turned Linda from the college "Beach Shack" apparently for the duration of her on-campus career.

In the wake of the shack news that followed the accident, other Bernardi girls revealed that such off-campus inhabitation is anything but uncommon, and nothing short of sleeping arrangements done in French form. As one young man put it, "Mostly everybody is sleeping in the rooms they're paying rent for."

Subsequent investigation, notably by *Life* magazine, revealed that conditions right across the land, particularly many of our large educational universities and especially in California, have gone to beyond Princeton or even Bernardi in sexual freedom.





These speak the uncompromising sexual subtleties of yesterday's young person of wisdom and compassion... as well as sexual strength, as like Linda and Peter, not to disclose her or her name in public.

At least Esther Rantzen is not wholly right and there remains a ray of hope for the (small) of the *Anonymouse* undergraduate.

Also, however, such non-hypocrisies would appear to be in a minority among college students, quite willing to admit their appetites and to enjoy them without guilt.

But then, come to think of it, they always were in a minority even though they had most of the fun. So perhaps things haven't really changed so much after all... if only all those squares hadn't got into the act and cheered it up.

Some university had better take cognisance of the fact of modern life and students' concern to sexual size and style... with Hugh Hefner or Linda Turner in charge.